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THE

Commonweal

Politics in a New World

by Michael Harrington

The Enemy Is Within

by William Pfaff

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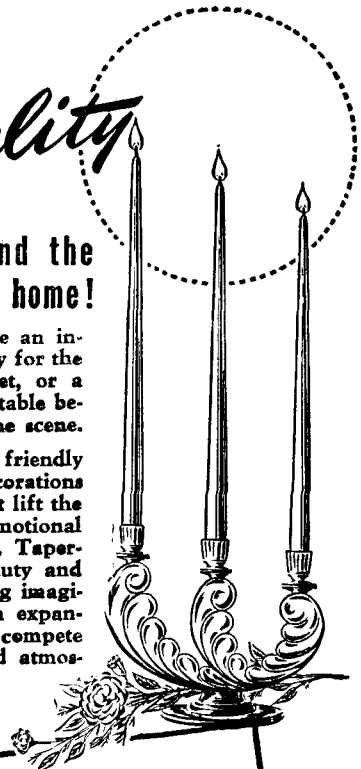

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The Commonweal

week by week

WISHING WON'T MAKE IT SO

SINCE his return from Switzerland, President Eisenhower's popularity has reached giddy heights. An unprecedented majority of Americans apparently endorse his role of peacemaker at Geneva, and the chances of any Democrat who may run against him next year seem measurably dimmed. So established is Dwight D. Eisenhower as an authentic American hero in this summer of 1955 that any criticism of his conduct of this nation's affairs—any suggestion that his leaderhip has been less than brilliant—seems almost churlish.

Max Freedman, Washington correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian,* explains this phenomenon by the fact that President Eisenhower "fits a contemporary mood of the American mind." In the United States today, Mr. Freedman observes, "there is no hunger for new legislation and the Republicans, as a result, have escaped censure for avoiding bold departures in national policy. The hatreds symbolized by Senator McCarthy are as remote from the central purposes of Washington now as are the hopes of Senator Lehman. The ugly deal is as dead as the New Deal."

This analysis seems profoundly accurate. We are in a period of at least surface *détente*. Tired of the Cold War, we are eagerly seeking a return to normalcy. We are thinking, not in terms of challenging Communism, but of withdrawing gracefully from the struggle, of letting things "even-off." History, since the death of Stalin, seems to have relaxed, and we are relaxing with it. This is the period of the "No Deal" and over it Mr. Eisenhower benignly presides, promising that things will work out if we are tolerant and conciliatory.

In the meanwhile we bask in our new-found sun, careful to do nothing that might disturb the tranquillity of our afternoon. Military expenditures are cut and the nation's ground forces are curtailed. Point Four is pretty much a relic of our do-gooding past, and plans for granting large scale aid to underdeveloped Asian countries have been forgotten. This is the summer of our content and we are preparing to enjoy it forever.

Certain Europeans are puzzled by what has happened. Two years ago we spoke in terms of liberation, agonizing reappraisal and massive retaliation; last year we were close to military intervention in Indochina; and a short five months ago we debated risking war over Quemoy and Matsu. Now we seem to live in a different age. We profess belief in the "sincerity" of the Soviet leaders and talk of sending Mr. Nixon to Moscow. How, anxious critics ask, can America have changed so much so soon?

The answer is that it has not really changed very much. The great majority of Americans have always hated the Cold War and everything that went along with it. The events of 1952 proved that. Adlai E. Stevenson told the American people that there was no easy way out of the struggle with Communism, that "this is the eve of great decisions, not easy ones," and that this country faced "a long, patient, costly struggle which alone can assure triumph over the great enemies of man." Dwight D. Eisenhower, on the other hand, promised to do something quickly about the situation, and he was decisively elected—not as a man of war but a man who, almost magically, would bring "peace." Now he seems to have brought peace, and it is little wonder that his prestige is towering in America today.

WOULD it be ungracious then—even churlish—to suggest that we may be in an era uncomfortably reminiscent of the Coolidge era, that 1955 may be in some ways similar to 1927, and that Dwight D. Eisenhower bears certain resemblances to his Republican predecessor of that optimistic time?

We do not think it would, because our situation today bears some frightening resemblances to the state of the Union twenty-eight years ago. Now, as then, we are enjoying a period of surface calm. Now, as then, things seem to be going our way, and those who suggest that beneath the surface-calm eruptions may be in the making risk unpopularity. Now,

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as then, we are in a "No Deal" period—a time when no bold legislation or policy is formulated to provide against the coming of a less pleasant day. Now, as then, we are content to drift with history rather than seeking to make ourselves masters of it. And if a day of reckoning comes, will that day be as it was in 1929?

In the lead article in this issue Michael Harrington reminds us that we live in a revolutionary time. "Revolution," he writes, "is the central fact to which our politics and our economics must be adjusted." We are entering a new age, and we cannot know "normalcy" again. To think that we can is to enter a fool's paradise. War or no war, Soviet smiles or Soviet frowns, the world is changing, and the future belongs to those who recognize the challenge that change offers them. The struggle is not ending; it is beginning.

The current mood of the nation therefore seems to us dangerous in the extreme. Now, as never before, we must think in terms of a long-range political-economic struggle against Communism. And now, as never before, we seem disinclined to make one. Only if we plan in terms of striving—not in terms of relaxing—can freedom survive in the world. For if we mistake the present lull for a harbinger of permanent peace, then we will deserve the fate that most surely will befall us.

NEXT WEEK

R. W. FAULHABER writes about economics and cold peace.

"The economic abnormality—or tragedy—involved in the cost of armaments is obvious in the case of practically every nation except the United States . . . In these nations, resources devoted either to the production or purchase of arms, and to the maintenance of armies, can hardly be spared from the production or purchase of consumer goods, not to mention capital goods that increase productivity. The armament race in such nations cuts into living standards already at subsistence level and makes raising them difficult, if not impossible. Thus in one sense the armament race, from the Western point of view, is in the long run self-defeating. For the wealth devoted to armaments helps to keep nations poor. . . . Even from the American point of view a great deal is going down the drain. In the present state of world affairs forty billions is considered a 'must' for national defense. But if it is granted that this expenditure is necessary, is it not also reasonable to suggest spending a like amount from a standpoint other than fear?"

IOWA'S WAY

ONE frequently favored means of showing that a paper or magazine is a good advertising medium is to tot up the roll of greenbacks held by its manifold readership. That is a convincing pitch. The full-page ads the Cowles newspapers recently ran in certain leading metropolitan dailies therefore sounded certain familiar notes. What made the copy somewhat special was the fact that it dealt with the Iowa visit of the Soviet agricultural experts which the Des Moines *Register* had done so much to bring about. The general idea was that prosperous Iowa is a great state to advertise in, for had not its 8-foot corn, 18-foot Cadillacs and other substantial personal possessions opened the eyes of the visiting Russian farmers to the virtues of the American way of life?

There need be little worry that the visitors may have been confused by exposure to this plenty. They knew what they were here for and, as high officials, had long since demonstrated that they were proof against the sort of blandishments America would offer. For all their Bulganin-like geniality they proved to be very close-mouthed about their own country and took voluminous notes about everything from soils and fertilizers to tractor plants. If they were not prepared for every last mechanical marvel on display, we may assume that they had been briefed on such differences from home as the lack of state compulsion in our farmlands.

The danger of confusion lies rather with the hurried American newspaper reader. What is it that the United States would preeminently have to present to a truly inquiring visitor from behind the Iron Curtain? Is it the Cowles version of the "bounteous" Iowa way of living with its two-car families and modern roads, heated hog stalls and air-conditioned farmhouses? Or should the first place be given to certain elements in our American way which are less easy to make a show of: embodiments of our hard-won, often-threatened, democratic freedoms.

The inviolability of the individual person; his protection by laws and courts; his freedom to express his views privately and publicly, and freely to designate candidates for public office; his right to educate his children and to worship his Maker in accordance with the deepest dictates of his conscience—it is things like these that constitute the essence of what America has to offer. Even as we parade our various technical proficiencies before a hungry world, we must give its primacy to the democratic climate that has made so much of our material achievement possible.

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CRISIS IN NORTH AFRICA

IMPERIALISM and colonialism are two things few citizens of this country would care to declare themselves in favor of. We have spent most of our national life opposing British colonialism, and we have rejoiced at its gradual demise. The British have generally been able to pull out fairly gracefully of late. It would be premature to speak of the French having to pull out of their North African territories at this time, but, if they did, it would be a very ungraceful exit, indeed. From all reports, it appears that they have there a situation that will take a deal of handling if it is not to result in extreme unpleasantness for all concerned.

Part of the key to the dangerous situation is the lack of unity in Paris. Premier Edgar Faure cannot move in strength to effect reconciliation with the various elements in North Africa without running the risk of bringing about the destruction of his own government. The new Resident General of Morocco, Gilbert Grandval, was summoned to France to listen to conservative elements express their opposition to his progressive regency plan in which he is attempting to find a stop-gap solution to the very complicated dynastic problem. And behind this problem is an economic one in which a lot of people are deeply "interested."

The situation in Africa itself continues to deteriorate, with bombs exploding in front of cafes and rebels in Algeria ambushing units of the French Foreign Legion. The ultra-conservative, rich, feudalistic colonials refuse to admit to any solutions except the application of more force. Major General Gaston Parlange, commander of a zone in the Aures Mountains in Algeria, is in agreement with such solutions. "I might have to kill 30,000 or 40,000 or even 100,000." These people speak in terms of a "pitiless assault . . . on the rebels," according to a *Herald Tribune* correspondent.

This sort of thing is no longer permissible:—not that it was ever actually permissible. Neither the Spanish treatment of West Indians, nor the English treatment of the Irish, nor the German treatment of the Jews, nor the Russian treatment of the Ukranians—nor our treatment of our own Indians —can be excused or acquiesced in. And especially when there has been so much humanitarian talk on the part of the Western democracies.

It has been alleged that there has been Communist influence in these difficulties. This may be true. Communists know a bad thing when they see it. They have a very good case set up for them in a land of terrible poverty and exploitation and growing national consciousness. Communists may have had an influence in stirring up such groups as the Mau Mau, too, but that does not say that because we are opposed to Communism, that we are in favor of mass-slaughter and repression, either English or French—or any other kind.

The difficulties in North Africa are very complicated and have been permitted to deteriorate for far too long a time. History is running fast against the French there, and they may have to face another in a long series of humiliations, like Indo-China, and the Fall of France. We have always been friends of France, and we are pained to see her hurt, but we must recognize that the eyes of a billion oppressed people are on us, and we cannot afford to take actions which would be imprudent. Imprudence for America is to be on the side of those who are on the side of the enemies of liberty.

NEUTRAL BELT

THE map of Europe shows that it would be physically possible to set up the buffer zone of "neutral" nations between the Baltic and Adriatic Seas long envisaged by the Soviet Union, without including Rumania or Bulgaria. But the chances are that if changes in Eastern Europe develop considerably in their present direction, these Balkan nations would be in such a buffer zone, too.

Ten years ago when our ally, the USSR, emerged from what it had suffered from the hands of invading German forces, it proclaimed the objective of "friendly" regimes on its western borders. There were few at the time who found such a notion unreasonable. It was not then known how friendly and subject these neighbors were destined to be. Subjection has been so imposed on those lands that almost any change in their present status would represent a lesser degree of bondage.

The latest word is that Sir Anthony Eden's proposal of setting up such a buffer zone has met with strenuous objections on the part of the French and American military authorities. The French cannot help but be influenced by their memories of the once-demilitarized left bank of the Rhine into which Hitler marched without effective protest.

It might also be pointed out that whereas large numbers of men are still required to make occupation of invaded territory effective, advances in destructiveness by air power make land strips of the dimensions compassed in this zone less important than they were ten years ago.

Tito is another who appears to favor the setting up of such a neutral zone, as he envisages himself as its leading figure. His new relationship with the Soviet Union almost seems to forecast the emer-

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gence of other national Communist states. By agreeing to this the Russians would in reality be giving up very little in the way of power or control. That is why the scheme should be approached with caution. It might represent certain steps in the direction of satisfying national aspirations but hardly enough to warrant the West's giving up any of its important defensive arrangements in exchange.

HELP WANTED

THE "mild epidemic" of polio in Boston has led to an appeal for nurses. The state's polio victims has topped one thousand, and the hospitals have been having difficulty in handling the situation with their normal nursing staff.

But, a shortage of nurses is not an infrequent phenomenon. There appears to be a general shortage, even though there is a constant campaign going to attract women—and now men—into this profession. The army needs nurses; prisons, veteran hospitals, the great state hospitals need nurses; private sanatoria need them. The situation in the mental hospitals is particularly bad; in many places conditions are reported to be truly scandalous.

But it is not only nurses who are needed. Doctors and psychiatrists are far too few in number to give even the rudiments of what might be called adequate care in many places. The AMA has received criticism on this score.

But, it is not only doctors and nurses who are needed. Prisons report shortages of the right type of custodial officers. Orphanages need additional workers to help give proper care to their unfortunate charges. Certainly there have been plenty of editorials written about the need for teachers.

In short, most agencies which have to do with the care of human beings in their variety of travails have need of additional personnel.

It must be realized by adults that if you want to attain a goal you must take the *means* to attain it. If you want to build a culture in which human beings are to develop to their highest potential, then you must take the means to effect this. You must be willing to spend the money to erect buildings and purchase equipment and hire personnel to carry out the program necessary.

In this country we have been doing quite well with appropriating funds, both public and private. We do not spend enough for what we need, but, what we want to emphasize here is the necessity for something more than the spending of money. Some must give their lives.

We can carry mechanization and automation to their respective limits, but this will not care for those with cancer and polio and all the afflictions of the head and heart which require the institutionalization of men and women. Other men and women must go and care for them. In one town in New Jersey a private hospital has had to close down beds for lack of nurses. Other help is in very short supply—because they are given grossly inadequate wages and are required to work long and hard at unpleasant tasks that have traditionally been labors of love.

We do not hesitate to send the best of our young men to destruction in order to safeguard that which we consider vital to our national aspirations. We do this under forced drafts, because it has turned out that too few were willing to go voluntarily. During the war we went so far as to "direct" men to work in vital industries. We are not advocating a "draft" for nurses and teachers and prison attendants, but more emphasis on the ideal of service should be given in our national-life propaganda. All that we fought for and sacrificed for and some died for will not be achieved in its fulness; the dying and the fighting was, in a sense, the "negative" side of the coin; the building up of our people is the positive side.

GETTING OUT OF BUSINESS

TRUE to doctrines of long standing, the Administration keeps on divesting itself of one economic enterprise after another. Many of these were set up to meet the extraordinary demands of a nation at war. The latest government activities to be discontinued include two paint factories, a bakery, five cobbler shops, four coffee-roasting plants and the Boston ropewalk, or rope factory, which goes back to the days of sailing ships. It does indeed seem advisable that such activities should now terminate or be handed over to the mercies of competitive private enterprise.

There are other activities where the answer is not so clear. Men who favor private over public power development have a certain force in their argument that private development publicly regulated in the common interest may often be the better course. Then along comes the issue of Hell's Canyon on the Snake River. In the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, the Idaho Power Company plans to build three low dams instead of the one high dam which the situation calls for. These dams will produce half the power the high dam could at double the cost per kilowatt-hour. In cases like this can there be any question whether a private or public agency for river development better serves the common good?

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Politics in a New World

"WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF FLUX, AND OUR ASSERTION OF VALUES MUST BEGIN WITH THIS FACT"

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IN a fantastic, yet suggestive, essay published at the turn of the century, Henry Adams described what he called "Phase" in history. Time, he felt, was becoming faster. Like the transformations of a substance from solid to liquid to gas, human events were accelerating toward greater instability. History, Adams predicted, would reach a point of volatilization around the middle of 1917.

This analogy of history to physics may be dismissed; but the reality beneath it persists. Less than two generations of the twentieth century have witnessed two World Wars, the Russian Revolution, the Chinese Revolution, the emergence of Asia and of Africa from colonial status to positions of world power. And there is no sign that the revolutionary process has completed itself.

The consequences of this world-wide revolution can only be tentatively apprehended for we are still part of its flux. Yet, it is certainly clear that the problem which it raises is not simply political, or even economic. The twentieth century revolution is social and moral: it bids to change every accidental characteristic of man—his mental capacity, his height, his color. It therefore confronts us with the tremendous difficulty of stating non-transient, necessary values in the midst of an explosive transience.

The acceleration of history which Adams predicted could be described by another metaphor—that of W. B. Yeats in his poem "The Second Coming." Modern history, he wrote, is like a widening gyre, a spiral, moving in ever broader circles away from a disintegrating center. Let us translate this figure into political and economic terms.

IN the eleventh century, the technology of the world was more or less uniform. Advanced civilizations flourished both in Europe and in the despotic societies of the East. But Western feudalism proved to be far more flexible and capable of change than Eastern despotism, and in the twelfth century a mercantile capitalism began to emerge in Italy. It created towns, ports, companies, systems of bookkeeping, and radically altered Western society.

From that time on, Europe gained world ascendancy. Italian mercantile society declined when the bourgeois imitated the defeated feudal nobility and the peasants went back to the countryside, but in England the process of creating a new kind of society continued. By the nineteenth century this revolution had produced its own dynamic principle: the machine; in the twentieth this principle found its most fabulous home, America.

This revolution—from feudalism to modern industrialism—took seven centuries to run its course from the textile industry of Florence to the automation and mass production of Detroit. Today, however, certain nations are starting at a level more primitive than that of twelfth century Italy and are attempting to compress a historical development of seven hundred years into a few generations. The consequences of industrialism coming to birth in an already industrialized world pervade our existence. Economically, for example, a recently primitive Asiatic country must compete on the world market with powerful, long advanced nations. The continental rivalries of the nineteenth century were more or less between equals; the economic tensions of our time come, to a considerable extent, from the unevenness of world development and the brutal polarization of power that seems to be an essential characteristic of industrialism.

The impact of this is also felt in political terms. In the West, the development of capitalism was accompanied by a centuries-long process of the emergence of a bourgeoisie. In their struggle against feudalism, the middle-class translated its own desire for economic freedom, for laissez faire, into an overall philosophy of democracy. The market place provided not only goods and services but ideas as well. As a result, the rise of industrial society in the West coincided with the rise of political democracy.

But the emerging nations of Asia and Africa have not begun at the beginning. They have not had cen-

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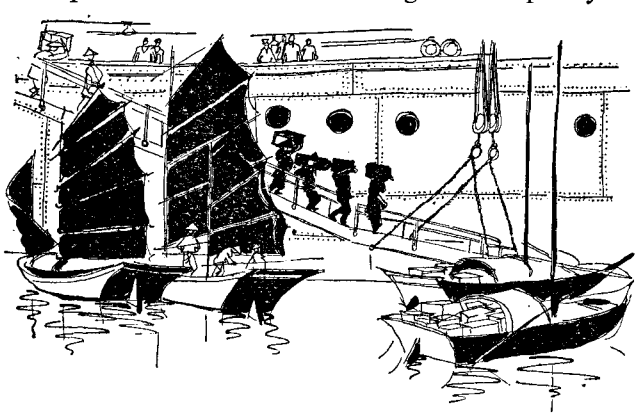
turies in which to develop a class of private owners committed to political freedom. Therefore, throughout Asia, the State tends to play the role of the bourgeoisie. In China this means totalitarianism. In India it means a reform-minded social democracy. And the question which these two nations pose for us is not the utopian, unhistorical one of "private enterprise": it is rather one of how democratic the inevitable state intervention will be.

There is a double aspect to the situation in which we live. On the one hand there is the necessary element of unpredictability in the political transition of our time: there is the constant historical "if." *If* the October Revolution had not been isolated; *if* Hitler had marched into Russia four weeks earlier (as he had planned), *if* Chiang Kai-shek had continued in association with the Comintern—then history would be different, unimaginably different. But on the other hand, there is an inevitable aspect to the revolution of our century—a factor beyond all "if's." We cannot say, any longer, *if* there were no machines, *if* there were no cities, then society would be happier. The changes which machines and cities imply—centralization, urbanization, mechanization—are irreversible, short of an atomic holocaust, and we must live with them.

This is the revolution of our times: in one sense, the fated *marche générale* of the machine; in another, the play of a thousand political and social accidents which give rise to enormous consequences—to totalitarianisms or democracies. And throughout the entire process, an acceleration, a widening gyre and disintegrating center, a historical tendency toward progressive instability. How is it possible to relate, politically and morally, to such a reality? Is not the attempt to do so very much like "relating" to an express train which is bearing down upon you?



We might begin to answer this question by discussing how *not* to relate to modern revolutionary reality. For in response to the upheavals of our century, and especially under pressures of the international struggle with Stalinism, a new ideology has become popular in American intellectual circles. This ideology is called the "New Conservativism," and I think that in the negative act of criticizing it some kind of positive attitude toward the world we live in may emerge.

THE New Conservativism seems based upon nostalgia for that childhood which most of the new conservatives did not have. It is the yearning for unspoiled peasantry by those who have never known any peasants. In this sense it is a "pastoral" ideology —that is, an idealization by jaded courtiers of noble rustics. As such, it is a right-wing variation on the proletarian myth that flourished in the left-wing thirties.

There is, for example, in R. P. Blackmur's latest book, *The Lion and the Honeycomb,* a fond reminiscence of the "great society" which is now being swallowed up by a new, literate illiteracy. Yet, Mr. Blackmur's "great society" never existed in America and, short of introduction by force of arms, never will. I do not mean to mock. R. P. Blackmur and other new conservatives in general have a very real, acute sense of the crisis of our times (which the complacent and eternally optimistic liberal does not), but they would solve this crisis by a return which is not a return, by evoking memories of things that never happened.

A startling example of this occurs in Russell Kirk's book *A Program for Conservatives.* Mr. Kirk writes: "The preservation of old houses and neighborhoods, for instance, is a buttress of tradition in general." He then notes: "Perhaps it is worth remarking that the most conservative bodies of citizens in all Italy are the slum-dwellers in the oldest quarters of Rome and Naples, the poorest of the poor, hard haters of all modern social reform. I suspect that there is some unconscious association between their atmosphere of antiquity and their attachment to traditional society."

Here, I think, is a clear case of why so many of us are suspicious of the new conservatives. Like some members of the Communist Party in the thirties, they are often fine, sensitive people, agonizingly concerned with the problem of freedom. But just as the Communist was capable of espionage, so the new conservative seems capable of appalling reaction. At least that is how I would define Mr. Kirk's foray into the Italian housing problem.

Beneath this fact, there is a more important one. Let me cite Mr. Kirk again: "Yet, when all is said, the conservative believes that men and nations possess free will, and that if a nation or a civilization tumbles to its ruin, that catastrophe is the consequence, for the most part, of the failure of heart and mind of the people who made up that nation or that civilization."

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It is this concept of national "free will" which is necessary to the operation of the conservative nostalgia. For it lifts politics out of history and provides a basis for eulogizing "the timeless values." And it is here that the new conservatives run smack into history, because the revolution of our time leaves man less free than at most previous points in history. During a stable period, the area of choice is limited and defined: politics is the art of the possible. During a time such as ours, it is often difficult to discern where choice is at all—and politics seems to be the art of the impossible.

The Communist of the thirties had a pastoral view of the future, and he was willing to forego the niceties of democracy in order to bring it into being. The conservative of the fifties has a pastoral view of the past. So far, he has not been able to make it practical. If he is ever to do so, the result could be quite dangerous—as in Mr. Kirk's enthusiasm for the slums of Rome and Naples and the *lumpenproletariat*.

And strangely enough (or perhaps not so strangely in these outlandish times) there is a certain commonality to the pastoral of the thirties and that of the fifties. Both arise out of a clear recognition of the depth of the modern crisis. Both seek to solve the problem by relying on a mythic image, the worker in the thirties, the peasant or the artisan in the fifties. Both images ignore the dual reality of the modern revolution. The Communist emphasized the inevitable march of modern society, but ignored the capricious play of what he called a "superstructure." The conservative is fascinated by the superstructure, by the culture, the expression of the society, so much so that he often does not see that the very ground is changing beneath his feet.

The revolution in which we live is anything but a pastoral. It cannot be halted in order to preserve old houses—or slums—sad as that fact may be. It cannot be forcibly accelerated into building new houses overnight, else democracy may be lost. We live in a flux, a flux of fantastic proportions, and the assertion of values must begin with this fact.

OUR thinking should begin, ideally, with a recognition of the vast area where our thought makes no difference. We must put out of mind ideas like "withdrawing" from an Asia where our fate is, willy nilly, implicated. We must not think in terms of "doing away" with cities, or of seeking rural values in the midst of a metropolis. A meditation upon these points may convince some that all is hopeless. So be it. Their personal solution, then, must be an apolitical utopianism.

It is only on the basis of recognizing real situations, however, that the area of freedom can be entered. And if current American policy grasped this point, there might be practical results. Is Chiang any kind of instrument for us to employ in meeting the Asiatic revolution? What does he represent? Is not supporting him "utopian" in the exact sense of the word? These, I think, are immediate reflections that flow from meditating on the world we must save.

And there is a tragic quality in the fact that America, the nation that must, above all, make such a meditation, is in the worst position to do so. The very prosperity and wealth of this country is not calculated to engender a sympathetic response to the problems of the have-nots. Asia remains distant, a figure like the number of the stars or the Jews murdered by Hitler.

The meditation, however, is necessary. Revolution is, in our time, not a category for the academician, but one for the politician. In the America of 1955 it may be utopian to say so, but revolution is the central fact to which our politics and our economics must be adjusted. Otherwise, history will pass us by.

AN APPEAL

Rev. Aloysius Ravalico, S.D.B., a native of Trieste, is visiting this country after thirty years in the missions in India to secure funds to meet an emergency in the Diocese of Dibrugarh in North India. This area, which lies at the foot of the Himalayas, has been devastated by severe floods. Entire villages have been washed away by the rampaging Brahmaputra River and thousands of people are homeless. Father Ravalico ascribes these troubles to a major earthquake of five years ago, which changed the courses of some of the rivers. He is working against time to raise a Flood Relief Fund to provide food and clothing for the neediest victims and to build two orphanages for homeless boys and girls which can serve as refugee centers if the floods continue. Dibrugarh itself, a city of 80,000 people, may have to be evacuated in the near future. Contributions may be sent to: Flood Relief Fund, Salesian Missions, 148 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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FROM SYRIA

The Enemy Is Within

Damascus

A CITY as fine and lovely and old as Damascus ought not be background for the unfortunate political history of modern Syria. This oldest of the world's cities is rather like an eastern Rome, and it has the symbolic character of a Rome; the Arab Revolt was not triumphant until Faisal and Lawrence and their army had entered Damascus. This, more than any place outside Mecca, is the capital of the Arab world.

Modern Syria is the weight which can tip the scales of Arab politics to one side or the other. Iraq is the great power in the eastern Mediterranean, and it has signed a pact with Turkey which aligns it with the Western defense systems. Egypt and Saudi Arabia are the western and southern powers which believe that the Arab future lies best in non-alignment—at least, that is the gallant banner at the masthead. The facts that Iraq is governed by the Hashimite dynasty while Saudi Arabia is Saudi family property, that Turkey is still unflatteringly remembered in its former empire and is widely regarded as a Western pawn, and that Egypt and Iraq would both like to be elder brothers to the Arab world, are not without significance.

Syria is in the middle and has swung back and forth between the factions. At the moment it is contemplating a pact with Egypt and Saudi Arabia to counter the Turko-Iraqi alliance.

Involved in all this is the weathered design of Arab unity which was supposed to have been reconstituted in the Arab Revolt. Instead, the union-in-dependency which the Arabs had known in the Ottoman Empire was fragmented into a series of states dominated by Britain or France. France became mandatory power and "protector" of Syria and Lebanon. Britain took Palestine under mandate and controlled—to varying degrees—Egypt, Iraq, Jordan and the small kingdoms on the Persian Gulf. Only the vast sand sea of Arabia itself was left largely alone.

When the European powers gingerly and reluctantly withdrew from the Middle East, the separate, sometimes artificial, states were left to make do. Today the movement for reunion is strong, strong enough to be one of those political woods which each leader must piously touch, much as our candidates bless the American way and motherhood and the virtue of veteranhood. But Arab unity exists in fact only in language, culture, and—largely—religion. Politically it does not exist and there is little prospect that it will very soon.

Dynastic jealousies and political quarrels divide the Arab world. The war against Israel was, from the limited viewpoint of Arab unity, a shocking display of pettiness and division. No one cooperated. National units frequently stepped deferentially aside to allow Israeli troops to clobber a rival; and when the rival's time came he reciprocated by sitting on a hill and cleaning his weapons while his ally took the full force of an Israeli attack.

THE problem of Arab unity has played a special role in Syrian politics. There is a general sentiment for unity which has on occasion specifically manifested itself in drives to unite the country with Iraq or with Lebanon. (There was a semi-federal union with Lebanon under the French.) At the beginning of 1950 the Parliament was on the brink of union with Iraq when the Shishakli *coup* occurred. As for Lebanon, that country and Syria are geographically, historically, and economically very close. They had a customs union until 1950. But Lebanon has a more Western orientation than any other Arab country, indeed seems more Mediterranean Europe than Middle East; it also is half Christian, and the Christians are chary about tying themselves any more closely than necessary to the Moslem world.

It would undoubtedly be fair to say that in Syria as elsewhere in Arabia the man on the street favors Arab unity. But here as elsewhere the military man sees himself becoming a small frog in a very large pond, the politician sees neat arrangements being suddenly blown up to unmanageable size, and the ordinary man may sometimes wonder too about getting involved in other peoples' problems.

In the Levant the matter of union has taken a special turn in the program of the Syrian Social Nationalist Party. This group was founded in the thirties and borrowed its party system from the totalitarian movements: it operates with cells and strong internal discipline, and it is more concerned with power and influence achieved through the control of important ministries and institutions than it is with popular majorities. Its program holds that Syrians are something distinct in the Arab world and that there should be a reunion of what once was greater Syria: the states of Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, Kuweit, what formerly was Palestine, and Syria itself. It is uninterested in the larger Arab unity except as it might be arranged and led by greater Syria. The party has some following throughout the region it calls Syria and also has a somewhat unsavory record, having been implicated in a political assassination in Lebanon a few years ago and now being accused of another in Syria.

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It was in 1946 that the French finally withdrew from Syria. The parliamentary government which was established made an admirable start, especially in providing mass education. But the afflictions of nepotism, administrative indifference and corruption reached a climax in Syria's dismal showing against Israel. In March of 1949 a bloodless *coup* put the government in military hands—an event that was supposed to renew the spirit of the first few months of independence. A new civil code was proclaimed, and suffrage was granted to women. But eventually this administration also turned down the easy path, and in August 1949 a second military coup took place. Again the idea was to restore progressive government, but shortly thereafter came the third *coup,* by Colonel Shishakli. And just a few months ago Shishakli's government came to an end when another military coup restored parliament.

Throughout this unhappy time the pattern has been the same: a government takes office with the most admirable professions of progressive social policy and sensitivity to the will of the people. It then either becomes ineffectual, stagnates in cross-purpose, or it turns dictatorial. Then the army intervenes to pile up the blocks and let someone else try.

THE failures of successive governments have inevitably eroded public confidence in the ability of the nation to govern itself. They have also added a weighty motive to the sufficient number which already exist to convince a politician that he should provide for himself in good time. It's an old vicious circle. But the fact that each of the revolutions has taken place with what appear to be genuinely honorable motives is significant, too.

Not unnaturally, the present government inevitably casts a sidelong glance once in a while to see how the army is reacting to things, and, as it happens, the army right now is running a rather violent show of its own. On April 22nd of this year, at a soccer game between Egypt and Syria, a member of the military police guard around the military chiefs' box suddenly fired two shots into Colonel Adnan Malki, assistant chief of staff for plans and training. The assassin then put a third fatal round into himself before he could be overpowered. He turned out to be an NCO known to be a member of the Syrian Social Nationalist Party, and he was also a native of the hometown of another officer who was a leader of the SSNP, Colonel Ghasan Jadid. (For soldiers to belong to political parties is illegal, but the prohibition is more honored in the breach than otherwise.)

The assassin's victim, Colonel Malki, had been perhaps the most popular man in the Syrian army. Imprisoned under the Shishakli regime, he was regarded as an honest and courageous officer. Under the present government he had been restored to the army and had become the most powerful figure in that service. His brother is a leader of the Arab Socialist Resurrection Party, an amalgamation of two left-wing or liberal parties which strongly favors Arab unity; it embraces both anti-Communists and fellow-travelers—and perhaps some members of the Communist Party. Malki's sympathies were known to have been with his brother's party and with the liberal officers in the army, a group which also includes some who are Communist collaborators.

Colonel Jadid, on the other hand, was one of the top men in the semi-military organization of the right-wing Syrian Social Nationalist Party. He had prospered under Shishakli and had violently disagreed with Malki. Immediately before the assassination this conflict had come to a climax in Jadid's dismissal from the army.

Within two hours after the assassination of Malki, army trucks were moving through Damascus and troops were knocking at the doors of SSNP members. A general round-up was on and between five hundred and a thousand members of the party were jailed. No one outside the army knows the exact number. Some have been jailed, questioned and released. But in mid-July arrests were still continuing. Some of those arrested were given hearings; others were simply tossed into jail. Reportedly, some have been tortured in an effort to get information. The Lebanese press made a great deal of the torture until army authorities invited reporters to visit some of the supposedly tortured. The prisoners showed what comfortable accommodations they had, but obviously they also had a considerable incentive not to anger their jailers.

At the end of June the military court responsible for the prosecutions published an indictment which was a curious mixture of evidence and allegation. There was evidence, in the form of the confessions of two NCOs, which apparently implicates Colonel Jadid and another SSNP party member in the assassination. There was the allegation—without substantial evidence—that the entire SSNP was responsible for the assassination, and it

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was further alleged that the United States had been laying plans with the SSNP for a *coup d'état,* an obvious appeal to xenophobia. (Two Syrian employees of the U. S. mission in Damascus had been members of the party. One fled the country and is under an indictment carrying the death penalty, the other is in jail and has not been mentioned in the indictments.) There were also charges that the SSNP had had illicit connections with other countries; **Iraq was one.**

Thirty-one members of the party (most of whom, including Jadid, got out of Syria one step ahead of the police) were indicted on charges carrying the death penalty. Thirty-seven others were indicted on charges which carry penalties up to life imprisonment. The great majority of those in jail are being tried on such matters as admitting military personnel to a political party. They are given relatively light sentences or, in some cases, discharges.

In this affair the extreme right and the extreme left in Syria are at war. The far left is winning. With the open or tacit collaboration of others on the left and particularly those in a small but ascendant officers' clique in the army, the Communists have taken advantage of the assassination of Malki to exterminate a party which was bitterly contesting with them for power over important government and educational posts. (All is not calm within the army either; some sixty officers and NCO's are said to have been arrested.) The national concern over the assassination of a brave and popular officer provided an excellent opportunity for this exercise as did the role of Colonel Jadid, which was ambiguous, to say the least. (One observer in Damascus suggests the possibility that the assassination was the work of an *agent provocateur.* The SSNP has, however, involvement in one assassination on its record already, that of a premier of Lebanon a half dozen years ago.)

The legal system of Syria is now, like all good legal systems, applying the brakes to the purge. Several minor convictions have already been sent back by an appeal court for retrial. There is also some evidence of rising concern in public and parliament over the excesses of the affair. (In mid-July a prominent conservative newspaper in Damascus, *Al Nas,* quoted with comment parts of minor trial records in which defendants said that they had been mistreated; the next day the paper was closed down by the army, its co-editor is in jail and its publisher, a former premier of Syria, is in hiding. Such things could not but shock the country.) The outcome of this whole affair is months away. The major trials will not begin until early fall at the best, and it is impossible now to say whether this war of extermination which is taking place in the middle of a fragile parliamentary system will destroy the system or force it to react and thus strengthen itself.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

THE STAGE

THE AMERICAN STRATFORD

I WOULD have wished, in this notice, to celebrate the dramatic achievement of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut: to recognize and salute the establishment in mettlesome splendor, of a company which might refine and extend the international fortunes of Shakespearean playing. The Inaugural Festival of this season will not quite permit me this pleasure: indeed, no praise that is large, sanguine or resonant can be solicited by what occurs on the stage. In their haste, the officers have mounted two productions, one of which can hardly be said (as dramatic experience) even to exist, and the second—however fanciful and harmonious, not without beauty or fineness, expressive—being still too single and insufficiently orchestrated a reading of poetic vision.

Myself, I found the flawed productions receding from the inflamed center of critical consciousness, and the vacuum they left filling with rather a softer gratitude for the tenacious tradition of American philanthropy which has nurtured the goal of the Festival and brought it finally into existence: with this, and with admiration for the physical theater itself. Mr. Edwin Howard's octagonal permanent structure—of wood and steel—on ground overlooking the delta of the Housatonic River, is one of the triumphs of contemporary theatrical design: an ingenious compromise of the rigid pattern of the naturalistic theater, and the fabled 'wooden O' of the Elizabethan Globe. Mr. Edward Cole's stage, of a handsome, stately, undistracted presence, provides adequately for a projecting playing space beyond the proscenium (though Elizabethan purists, doubtless with reason, will cavil at its meagerness). Only some blowsy draperies of a dubiously 'festive' quality mar the interior impression of luxury, elegance and intimacy. Everywhere, too, there is spaciousness and subtle ease, a fine generous breadth and fullness of design, not to speak of an enchanting terrace from which to watch, as I did on a faultless afternoon and evening, the frugal beauty of New England—beauty alone of sand and long grass and the deep blue sea—all vivid and instinct with light under a constant wash of crystalline air.

Mr. Denis Carey's production of "Julius Caesar" suffered intolerably by contrast with the day's golden perfection. This is an almost continuously melancholy chronicle of lost opportunities, with here and there, a sudden, bold flash of excellence. Among these latter illuminations, I would count Fritz Weaver's malignant Casca, the imperial largeness of Hurd

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Hatfield's Caesar, Roddy MacDowall's cold elegance as Octavius, and notably, Christopher Plummer's high-mettled Antony. Though he blurred and lost definition in the last portions of the play, Mr. Plummer beautifully described the graph of mounting passion which is the funeral oration, exactly registering all of its ironies, controlling its packed life so relentlessly that one *listened* and was taken up. How difficult, on the contrary, to listen to Raymond Massey's Brutus, or the Cassius of Jack Palance. Here, at the very heart of the play, these personages seemed to be afflicted with some windy rhetorical afflatus of the spirit, making sounds which had the virtue neither of beauty nor of good sense.

Mr. Carey has chosen to *dramatize* only portions of the play: the crowd scenes (well, though rather noisily, done), and the murders of Caesar and the poet Cinna. Elsewhere, nothing is quickened into life nor meaning nor art. Political implications are not excised, as they were in Mr. Joseph Mankiewicz's otherwise admirable film of the drama; they are simply ignored. Those few scenes of private personality which relieve the rather stately Roman *gravitas* of the play—the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, the interlude between Brutus and the tired boy, Lucius—are casually dissipated. The martial episodes of the last act recede visibly into farce, assisted no doubt to that state by a musical score ("The Conspirators' Theme" perhaps?) which banally spells out doom in a bass key. Mr. Horace Armistead's scenery is dull, inflexible and inappropriate. My own particular *bête noire*, however, is Mr. Robert Fletcher's costumes, an astonishing *gaffe* for so perceptive a designer as this. It has been someone's irresponsible fancy to play "Julius Caesar" in the visual terms of the Renaissance, and so Mr. Fletcher has manufactured these vast cocoons of velvet and fur, massive ceremonial trappings of pictorial nobility. Only once is the scheme justified: in making of Roddy MacDowall's Octavius an animated portrait by Bronzino. Yet for this one excellence, we must endure the ludicrous traffic on stage of the noblest Romans of them all, looking like nothing so much as doctoral candidates at some obscure Italian University, or worse still—in their moments of conspiracy—like notably elegant members of the KKK, in peaked purple babushkas, on their way perhaps to burn a cross on the greensward of the Capitoline hill.

The failure of "The Tempest" is at once subtler and less disturbing. This last of Shakespeare's plays with its visionary grace and "sacramental *pietas* . . . for all created things" (the excellent phrase is Mr. Robert Speaight's); its marine translucence and opacity of language; its divine antinomies of earth and air and spirit, is one of literature's supreme fables of the imagination, a metaphysical poem of metamorphosis and transformation, as Mr. Reuben Brower calls it in an admirable analysis in his book *The Fields of Light*. Its dense spirals of meaning widen limitlessly about a center which has the quality of absolute vision and final statement, of reality seen nakedly and in the whitest light, beyond every shadow of behavior and judgment, beyond the dull usages of matter and time.

Mr. Carey's production does not explore this spiritual ambience; his efforts with the play, as Stark Young wrote of Margaret Webster's production of a decade ago, "are not in the direction of poetry, but do make a good show; and that in itself is something not to be despised." Decidedly there is communication, though on the lesser level of extravagant fancy and wit. Mr. Massey limited any response with an avuncular and patronizing performance as Prospero; he had intelligence and repose, but neither intensity nor elevation nor force of will—all of them indispensable. Mr. Palance's Caliban was a conventional naturalistic grotesque, suggesting perhaps, and not without effect, 'the thing from another world.' Mr. MacDowall's certain security and delicacy of art triumphed over a bizarre skin-diving costume for Ariel, and the comic interludes were done with deliciously low authority. The setting was adequate: exquisitely fragile in silhouette, but in full light rather like a rock garden veined with sequins. Mr. George Balanchine's masque ballet, specially created for the occasion, showed his usual competence, while the costumes, with few exceptions, marked Mr. Fletcher's return to grace and right reason. The musical score, by Ernest Bacon, had a fresh and harmonious charm which gave the production much of whatever suggestive beauty it could command.

This notice has been harsh, yet none of my strictures have been prompted by the kind of rancor which Broadway alone can so peculiarly inspire; nor would I wish my reservations to deter from attendance those whose theatrical interest exceeds the casual. Nothing is so difficult to formulate as artistic policy, and we may indulge the Festival officers this year's various hasty excesses and deficiencies. Gratitude and honor for their singleness of purpose and devotion must remain our primary response. Yet since Shakespeare himself is the first cause and pretext of the Festival, it cannot be untoward to emphasize at this point what Mr. G. Wilson Knight, among other scholars and practical men of the theater, has stressed so long and so boldly: that a Shakespearean play is much more than "a good story with entertainment and dramatic value linked to profound analysis of character and a heart-thrilling rhetoric; but that, over and above all this, it presents a close mesh of imaginative and intellectual suggestion demanding a more exact study and sensitive appreciation than it has so far received;" that each play, moreover, has a metaphysical core, a

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wholeness, a spiritual vision and significant action which must be understood and communicated; that it creates in the mind, out of movement and rhythm, massed solid effects of "imagery, symbols, persons, colors . . . . all of which, in any work of great poetry, will have a solidity and richness far in advance of that given by lesser sorts of writing." *Imagination* and *poetry* are, then, the keynotes: let the Festival's commitment to these be unconfined, and we shall have that national theater of instruction and delight which is the dream of the American Stratford.

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"BELIEF AND THE WRITER"

North Easton, Mass.

TO the Editors: In a recent letter to The Commonweal [July 22] James J. Greene sets aside the "larger thematic points" of Mr. Turnell's discussion of "Belief and the Writer" and moves to a criticism of Mr. Turnell's and my appraisal of Geoffrey Chaucer. In so doing he seems to be doing both of us a favor and at the same time a slight injustice.

The injustice, first of all, seems to be a failure to note the little space given to Chaucer in the discussion and our felt need to speak quickly and broadly of him, however haltingly and, I believe, with respect. The favor, however, is to have given us a chance to clarify our statements. I am grateful for the opportunity to acquit myself of this duty. But even more gratifying is the favor of noteworthy progress lent by Mr. Greene to the larger discussion, however unintentionally. It seems to me that this is how the discussion now stands:

From Mr. Greene we have Chaucer, author of "poison pen portraits." From Mr. Turnell we have already got the "hatefulness" in Eliot, Graham Greene, and Mauriac. Secondly from Mr. Greene we get the affirmation that Chaucer was not guilty of complicity, in the sense of having authored "immortal tales." A previous assertion in the discussion was that neither were Greene, Eliot, or Mauriac guilty of complicity (in a larger sense), but that the love of God "somehow, torturously, yet . . . validly, saves their work as it does humanity."

All of these affirmations require a great deal of discussion. But their very assertion seems to make some larger thematic conclusions: (1) that having a sharp eye on reality and a fearlessness in describing the weaknesses of human nature has been ascribed (but with important differences) to Chaucer as to the modern; and (2) that neither the fabliaux of Chaucer nor the works of these moderns are apparently any great trial either to the charity or lesser virtues of the mature reader: therefore the epithet "complicity" is not lightly to be hurled at any of them.

Perhaps it is plain now (as it was not before, I regret to say) that the complicity which I mentioned in regard to Chaucer, and even then in measured words, has nothing to do with the grossness or ribaldry of his Tales. Rather it is a complicity much deeper and harder to define. It is that too great or too close association with or participation in his times—in the failure of his times. For it seems to me that the problem of Chaucer's times was, in early growth, the problem of ours. In his day had already begun the disintegration of the synthesis between life and religion, which in our day has come so far that a plea has been sounded for the reconstruction of a whole social order. R. H. Tawney has many valuable things to say on the struggle of these centuries since at least the one before Chaucer, most strikingly to me of the difficulty and enormous burden that faced the early Schoolmen and their followers (having their own inter- and intra-school confusions) in the assimilation of the new commerce and socio-economic order into the Christian synthesis. In fact, they failed. (Perhaps there is in this a warning to modern Catholic literary men and others to unite in their philosophy, on as deep a level as possible, even in their own trivial discussions, lest the ultimate solutions be achieved and preserved, *after* they should have been incarnated in all the thinking and doing of the times.)

One sees traces of that failure in Chaucer. One sees, on one side, pardoner, summoner, merchant, doctor, monk, friar, reeve, miller, prioress, wife—humans all, men and women of the world. And on the other, the plowman, the parson, the knight, the yeoman, the clerk—these five. I have striven to see the link between these two groups, that link by which these latter five (whom I take, superficially, to be the most serious Christians of the company) could meet the former in some sort of mutual Christian perfection, however limited, that if universal could have saved the world the Reformation. There is, of course, the pilgrimage; leaving aside the lights, and strength, and disposition of will of each, all of them were at least *going*. But still there seems to be a kind of distance between the two groups—almost the same kind as Mr. Greene points out between writing "for God and the Church" and the writing of "merry tales." There is already a gap, as if anything in the world, even ribald laughter, must go unsanctified, unredeemed. For it is God Who made all reality, hence also the incongruities of it, at which hardworking men have ever laughed, and risen from that laughter to the praise of God. Perhaps this was the wisdom of the architects of the Gothic churches in putting the scenes of "these ribald poetic narratives" in the stone of their cathedrals.

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But of Chaucer's serious Christians themselves, the clerk will not speak without "high sentence"; the plowman is one of those blessed peasants who by his very vocation is given a kind of silence and closeness to reality, and whose perfection it is to keep himself open and generous therein; the parson is one of those simple priests, the envy of those not made so by nature, whose very assertiveness tends to make itself an obstacle to grace, not an added gift for them to sanctify; the knight is a reserved, gentle man—not in all things the envy of the sprightly and vivacious nature of his squire-son; the yeoman is also a quiet, duty-conscious, "pious" in the ancient sense, but not heart-thrilling man.

Can it be then that those with natural talents and the sparkle of mischief are condemned to worldliness, and only those quiet, retiring ones able to become ideal Christians? I cannot decide what Chaucer's vision of the perfect Christian life was. Certainly he seems to have been the worldly, sparkling one himself, and his *Retractions* a little on the disappointing side: he submits now that the zest of youth is fled.

What kind of image—judging him as a Christian writer—does Chaucer give us then? It has long been thought an honest historical one. But does it have in it that deep Christian vision, that sense of life and quickness, for all men in all walks of life or of all natures or talents, that Christ came to bring? I submit that it does not—but qualifyingly, that only in the very rare genius (the "genius squared") could such a thing be hoped for. It may well be quite the wonder of the fourteenth century that a civil servant could write such readable poetry. But that both honest earthly reality, with all its humanness, be present, and somehow behind it, the atmosphere ringing with it, the sense of something *beyond*—for everybody—these two must meet for the making of a perfect Christian masterpiece.

As I suggested with Eliot, Greene, Mauriac, so with Chaucer. From their works, neither moderns nor Chaucer come out perfect artists or perfect Christians. Hence they are liable to criticism, for the instruction of us all.

One other allegation of Mr. Greene troubles me. The picture of our modern world that I imagine at present—drawn from contemporary as well as past literature and thought—could well be *close* to being Calvinistic. A sense of nothingness and sin always seems close to Calvinism today. But what makes it Catholic is the sense that, below its fundamental transitoriness and nothingness and self-invited corruption, God has made this world and it is good. And God's love redeems it, actually makes it *new* and filled with Himself, not merely is blind to its sinfulness. It seems to me that our modern world is tasting humiliation and some despair. There it can find God—in fact, only there, and hence one speaks of the blessing as well as the curse of modern mediocrity and futility.

One statement, finally, about "the love of men as they are." As for Eliot, Greene and Mauriac, so for Chaucer: they are not necessarily, because they see and describe the corruption of human nature, without charity, and even sympathy and kindness. It is not charity to turn one's eyes from the painful. It is charity to see men as clearly as God sees them, in their nothingness and reprehensibility, and yet with that ineffable core in them of Himself, for which He so loved them that He gave his Son for them, and thus be able somehow to be perceptive and tolerant to those of them one meets or writes of. By this standard, Eliot, Greene, Mauriac, Chaucer may be very imperfectly filled with charity. Neither, may I suggest again, do they lack it as much as some would say.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from mentioning how close we have tread in these letters to the ground marked out by Mr. Harrington in his recent article "Art and Modern Criticism" [Aug. 5]. Mr. Harrington has led us to see again that the present critical problem is, in its depths, a philosophical one. *How* does art communicate? What is the relation between art and reality, between truth and beauty? How does the artist's vision affect his work; what is the exact point of "delicate balance" between believer (in any vision) and writer? Here is where, one must continue to believe, all hope of resolving our problem of "Belief and the Writer" rests, awaiting fulfillment.

MICHAEL NOVAK, C.S.C.

OF NOTE

REVISING THE UN CHARTER

IN an address to a local chapter of the United World Federalists which was inserted in the Congressional Record by Representative Melvin Price of Illinois, Father Edward A. Conway, S.J., formerly of the staff of *America* and now a member of the faculty at Creighton University, urges the need for a revision of the UN Charter. Excepts from his address follow:

I suggest that by 1956-57 the statesmen will be under far greater pressures from their peoples to make concessions that will bring peace through disarmament than they ever were in 1945. By that time we shall have entered into the period of so-called atomic stalemate, when both Russia and the United States will have enough atomic and hydrogen bombs

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to wipe each other out. By that time will be fulfilled President Eisenhower's dire prophecy of two hydrogen-powered colossi glaring malevolently at each other across a trembling world. And the peoples of the world will have learned in days of watchfulness and nights of worry the pitiful flimsiness of the peace Sir Winston Churchill has popularized, the peace of mutual terror, the precarious peace enjoyed by two scorpions in a bottle. I consider it a psychological certainty that the peoples, once they do realize their predicament will turn with a great rush in search of what [Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E.] Murray called nondestructive solutions if only to save themselves from an international nervous breakdown.

I submit finally that sometime in 1956 or 1957 this realization will be widespread and this search serious. People will know, likewise, the truth of [former Air Secretary Thomas K.] Finletter's warning that "the time of absolute Russian air atomic power and of hydrogen bombs carried mainly by big manned bombers will not last long." They will know by then that intercontinental ballistic missiles, with atomic and hydrogen warheads, able to speed from Moscow to Washington in thirty minutes, will be just around the corner. Mr. Finletter, who is one of the few really imaginative statesmen I know of, contemplating this vision of unstoppable guided missiles, then remarked: "It does seem that we now are talking about our last chance to control these weapons, the last chance that man will be given to prevent his own science for destruction from ending his civilization and himself."

Do you wonder that I want to see a review conference in 1956 or 1957 in which these realizations may be voiced, and answer made to the demand for peaceful solutions? It is quite possible that even Soviet Russia will have achieved by then this cold realization of the literally dead-end nature of the so-called armed equilibrium—that, as AEC Commissioner Murray once phrased it, "even in the USSR, Marx should eventually give way to the commonsense element in the instinct for self-preservation."

It is in such a receptive climate in 1956 or 1957 that the proposal of what Mr. Murray calls a "quantum jump" in world politics can be made with good hope of acceptance. In layman's language, a "quantum jump" may be defined as a long leap onto a new and unfamiliar plane—something like an aircraft breaking through the sound barrier. As Stewart Alsop defined the term, "quantum jump" is scientists' shorthand for an unprecedented, situation-transforming scientific breakthrough. In a discussion of the "quantum jump" achieved in the production of the hydrogen bomb, Mr. Murray said all of two years ago at Duquesne University: "Now the times cry out urgently for another 'quantum jump' but of an altogether different kind. This time a 'quantum jump' is needed not in technology but in world politics, that most difficult form of the 'art of the possible'."

You and I know that this "quantum jump" is enforceable disarmament under a regime of limited world law administered by a revised United Nations. I hope you agree with me by now that the time and place for such a proposal is in a Charter Review Conference in 1956 or 1957. I make bold to predict that if that conference is not held then it will never be held.

The alarming fact is that as of today the odds are against its being held. Unless the United States this fall takes the forceful initiative, showing convincing evidence of its sincere desire for meaningful amendments primarily in the area of disarmament, I doubt very much that the conference will be held. That is why I was so disturbed and disappointed by Mr. Truman's testimony [on Revising the UN Charter]. On this question he said: "If the majority of the nations desire a review conference I do not think we should oppose it. I only believe," he added, "that we should approach it with caution and with full realization that it may be impossible to get any worthwhile changes under present circumstances."

There again is that confusion over time. We should not be talking in terms of present circumstances. But what distresses me is the complete abdication of American leadership which Mr. Truman advocated. It is so grossly un-Trumanlike, that I can hardly believe he was in earnest. This advice echoes all too perfectly the timidities of the anti-revisionists. And this counsel will prevail unless strenuous efforts are made immediately to counteract it.

Therefore I would call upon all those who are still studying charter revision to stop and take stock of the situation. While they have been buried in their studies, placidly assuming that their suggestions would get an airing in a review conference, forces have been working to forestall that conference and already are well on the way to success. All those who sincerely believe that a lasting peace demands a strengthened United Nations, and who are not obsessed by a blinding solicitude for the prestige of the U. N. as now constituted, should drop their studies and concentrate on developing a demand for powerful American initiative in favor of a conference. Drop the text, I might say, and study the context, the context of the times, especially the world context of 1956 and 1957.

We must accept as true of this case Ben Franklin's observation that "the best public measures are seldom adopted from previous wisdom, but forced by the occasion." Our immediate and urgent task is to picture as vividly as we can the stark dreadfulness of the occasion in which we shall all find ourselves a year or two from now. We must bring home to our policy planners without delay, a realization of the need for strong American initiative. . . .

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The Return to Liturgy

H. A. REINHOLD

THE liturgical movement, now in its fifth decade and by now worldwide in extension, has a few dates that should go down in its history as decisive. There is the first litgurgical week in Belgium and its counterpart in Maria Laach back in the "dark ages" before the first World War. There is Romano Guardini's book *The Spirit of the Liturgy* which may be dated now, but only as a classic. There is the appearance of Dom Odo Casel and his theory of the liturgy as a "cult mystery." There is Fr. J. A. Jungmann's *magnum opus* on the Mass. And now, almost equal in importance, there is Father Louis Bouyer's *Liturgical Piety*.*

Neither *Mediator Dei* nor the steady and consistent reforms of Pope Pius XII would, humanly speaking, have been possible without these works of preparation. It appears to be a law of growth in the Church that Rome responds to stimuli provided by obscure men in distant places and that she will mount the ship of reform only when she is sure not only of a need, but of a response.

In this sense the centralism of the Church during the last century is more "democratic" than the world suspects. In many instances the outsider seems to see only Rome's restraining aspect and thinks of Inquisition, Index and rigid discipline. Opposed to this view there are many Catholics who expect Rome not only to be the bridge of the ship, but at the same time its engine and fuel store, its sail and its winds. But neither the prohibitive view of the outsider nor the romantic view of the overly timid member serve the Church well. They both ignore the fact that the "Spirit breatheth where it listeth." Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola were not Cardinals in charge of a department for permanent reform, nor were the great monastic renewals of Benedict and Bernard decreed by a commission that saw the need for them.

No reforms therefore seem to start on the bridge of the ship of Peter nor can be carried out in a Church "ignorant, dormant and unprepared"; and all reforms are dangerously exposed to shock and turbulences. Father Bouyer is quite frank and very honest about the dangers that beset the liturgical movement. He goes much further back than 1900 and shows all the abortive and frustrated attempts of preceding centuries, some of them remarkably keen in their vision, some, woefully off the channel, that came to a miserable end on the sand banks of arbitrariness and the shallows of insufficient knowledge.

The greatest danger for such a movement is impatience: instead of being a "movement" it would precipitate reform which is reserved to the only agency that has authority to do anything affecting the whole Church, the hierarchy, culminating in Peter's apostolic successor. The early eighteenth century has the tragic figure of Abbe Jubé d'Asnières. On his own he introduced reforms of the parish liturgy which show a surprising instinct for liturgy, for historical comprehension, and—for imprudence. These reforms exposed him to the false accusation of "Jansenism" by Abbot Guéranger, whose liturgical instinct was inferior, whose knowledge was pitifully inadequate, and whose sense of historical justice was absent to a degree which Bouyer finally has the courage and knowledge to put down on paper.

THE liturgical movements have so far all been abortive, for various reasons. The liturgy is so purely evangelical, spiritual and incarnational that it is always in danger of being misunderstood. In the days of Charlemagne, Florus of Lyons lost his battle in spite of the assistance of the Council of Quierzy to Amalar, the gross, grotesque and vulgar allegorizer of the liturgy ("the priest washing his hands at the lavabo represents Pilate," though not Alamar's figure, is a legitimate offspring of his teaching). In the so-called "great century" (as if there were any such thing as one great century), Albert the Great tried to call a halt to the nonsense of meticulous allegory, but in spite of his common sense, his sense of proportion and his doctrinal soundness, Durandus of Mende and his imitators came through and spawned Mass "explanations" which bore late fruit in those various "Mass Devotions" that are still around to distract the devout from taking their true part in the Mass.

What I here set down crudely and starkly Bouyer does with the fine and precise pen of the scholar. I can only refer to his own words. With a certain reluctance I wish to state that his translators and editors were not kind to him by making his classroom notes in their ponderousness and repetitiousness into a book without regard to its readability. This is a great book, and its

*LITURGICAL PIETY. By Louis Bouyer. University of Notre Dame Press. $4.75.

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publication in the United States is a milestone in the American liturgical movement, opening wide vistas hitherto reserved to Europe and a few who could read German, French, and Italian: don't we here deserve such a masterpiece served to perfection? Scissors, erasers and a blue pencil would have pruned this great tree to perfection and would have given it's shadow a chance to reach more people than it will now. The wide sweep of Father Bouyer's mind does justice to all aspects of the liturgical movement and achieves a completeness that makes it in its own way as valuable as the encyclical *Mediator Dei*. It is distinguished from this great document by its frank speech and its major critical and controversial qualities; it is the great commentary so long waited and hoped for. All the other liturgical writers are so scattered, so far apart: here is the view of a liturgical ***uni-versum.***

LOUIS Bouyer knows what he talks about, and while he never loses sight of the general sweep of the liturgical line, his mind picks up all possible theoretical, practical, and even the thorny ascetical problems involved in making over our piety according to the sacramental order Christ inaugurated in the mystery-sacrament of His Incarnation.

A few samples will show what I mean. Father Bouyer gives us a reason which contributed to the modern "alienation" of the liturgy—the "baroque mentality." This was based on three factors: the neopaganism so visible in seventeeth century art, that age's violent hunger for life, "rejecting the asceticism, sobriety and plainness" of the liturgy, the courtly atmosphere of the age of absolute kings, and the growth of the opera. In this atmosphere the Mass became another show, the audience mute and silent spectators feeding on those violent currents of pietism which so strangely coincided at that time in Catholic and Protestant circles. Instead of the Mass, the center of this age's static "liturgy" was the isolated Sacrament enthroned in a golden monstrance, in a flickering sea of candles, and in a cloud of incense—with sweet music causing souls to faint away in aspirations. A strange naturalism then invaded pious references to the mystery of the Eucharist: instead of the Eucharist's being the means of building the Church in souls and the passover to the Father through Christ, the Father is seen as the ruler of the universe holding audience in over-decorated churches that look like the throne chamber of Louis XIV or Urban VIII.

And then everything was blighted and frozen by the cold rationalism of the late eighteenth century, when Febronius in Germany reformed the Church on his own, using as a yard-stick the "moraline" of the Enlightenment, when Joseph II of Austria became the "Archsacristan of the Holy Roman Empire" reforming and economizing like a miser by government decree, and in Pistoia there sat Bishop Ricci telling Rome what to do in matters liturgical, sometimes the right things for the wrong reasons, and wrong headed all the way because of his rebellion.

We ourselves, in our young years, saw the outcome of the next stage: what Father Bouyer calls the "Romantic" liturgical movement of Guéranger and his followers, the backward looking, defiant erection of idealized Middle Ages, so consoling as the Ages of Faith, of unity, of past glory. We did not approve of the trappings of this Romantic period, Pugin's and Viollet-le-Duc's neo-romanesque and neo-gothic structures, Ludwig of Bavaria's castle, but some of our generation swallowed the parallel line of Guéranger's ill-advised medievalism, his unscholarly uniformism, his Cluniac monasticism. Only a few whispered their misgivings—and nobody took them seriously.

Dom Lambert Beauduin, first a secular priest of a worker's parish, then a Benedictine monk and scholar, was the man who saw the essential liturgical problem, which is not the restoration of liturgicial splendor and enchanting beauty, but bridging the gap between starving souls and God, finding the essential liturgy and refocusing piety and doctrine on it.

One thing we have certainly lost in our days, is what Father Bouyer forcefully emphasizes: a sound theology of the "Word" as the basis for a correct understanding of Catholic liturgy. "Liturgy," Bouyer writes, "is predominantly the coming down of God's Word to us . . . is fundamentally a liturgy of the Word." If that truth now seems evident in the first part of the Mass—and Bouyer advocates as strongly as any of us use of the vernacular to restore this character to it—he is the first one in this hemisphere I know of who claims that the second part of the Mass, what we so summarily call the sacrifice, is "equally a liturgy of the Word . . . for the Christian sacrifice and every sacrament is essentially a *sacramental* sacrifice . . . Word made visible . . . a sacred action . . . to which the sacred Word not only gives meaning but its own inner reality . . ."

In an especially poignant chapter the author draws a few lessons from previous liturgical movements. All were prompted by a "natural response arising in the Church" to the fact that its members have lost two things: the knowledge and understanding and the right use of the liturgy. "The Reformation was shipwrecked" from our point of view, "not because it was too daring . . . but because it was too uncritical of its own assumptions." One look at all its reforms and you see that it cut into the live flesh of the liturgy, but fostered exactly those parts that encumber its simple and logical outlines.

Thus, as an example of a miscarriage of reforming zeal, the emphasis on the mere memorial of Christ's Passion to the exclusion of other aspects of His Redemption is a mere carry-over, uncritical as it is, of the

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late medieval over-emphasis on the suffering Humanity of Christ. Examples like this could be multiplied.

MUCH of the tension created by such movements as the liturgical can be better understood, according to Father Bouyer, if we adopt Newman's thesis of the two complementary forms of tradition, never reducible to one and never to be separated: the episcopal, authoritative tradition of dogma, law and government, and prophetic tradition, "the wind of the Spirit, the thoughts and principles which are like the breathing of the Church, the way in which habitually and as it were, unconsciously, she looks at *things,* rather than any set of dogmas, static and systematic." The episcopal tradition is "plunged in the prophetic tradition, leading it, but founded on it." Here Bouyer is at his best, because he shows the dynamics of the Mystical Body and "where we come in." The individual Christian should answer to the stimulus of the episcopal tradition "not by a strictly correct but purely passive and external adherance to the material injunctions of authority . . . but understood in a living way," which implies "knowledge of the past . . . personal understanding of the actual present," not "dead acceptance of authority."

Father Bouyer proceeds from problem to problem in scholarly fashion, with a vast store of knowledge and a winning partisanship for the liturgical movement, leaving nothing unsaid that we ought to hear, putting his hand cautiously into brambles and nettles and opening eyes as he goes along. He gives two entire chapters to the discussion of the "cult mystery," another chapter to show the continuity of Jewish and Christian eucharists, deals in this frame with the other sacraments, the so-called sacramentals that flow from the Mass or are akin to it.

There is nothing much to gain, however, in enumerating all the chapters and issues Bouyer exposes. This is a scholarly work, but for the scholar it is a review of the vastness of territory where there is so much yet to explore and where so few in America have, alas, shown interest. Its challenging forthrightness and its completeness make it an indispensable book for the clergy—and the educated laity must read it too.

Stories from the Spirit of this Age

THE COLLECTED STORIES. By Isaac Babel. Edited and translated by Walter Morison. Introduction by Lionel Trilling. Criterion. $5.

By HENRY POPKIN

ISAAC Babel's life, like his stories, bears witness that he was a better artist than a politician. Born in Odessa of a middle-class Jewish family, he participated in the Revolution and served with Cossack cavalry in the Polish campaign of 1920. In spite of his growing international reputation, he was arrested in 1937 and died in prison a few years later. Most of his stories reflect either his military experiences or life in Odessa before the Revolution. They clearly explain why he could not enjoy official favor: he was an observer and an ironist, not an enthusiast.

At a time when revolutionary ardor was expected to inflame the new Soviet authors, Babel's revolutionary ardor is so implicit that it is at times invisible. He prefers showing events to drawing conclusions. Describing the exploits of the Red Army, he displays more admiration for men, actions, and horses than for causes. The first job Babel sets for himself is to see, and, with his modest human eyes, he can see only what is visible—objects and not issues. He cannot dramatize war aims, Communist objectives, or Jewish morality because they belong to another order of being. The thing seen is left to speak for itself; more often than not, it is "palpable and mute."

In one story Babel comments directly upon the importance of vision. The near-sighted Alexander Kerensky defends his refusal to wear glasses and states a preference for his dim world of color without line. The story-teller remonstrates with him: "Just think: you're not merely blind, you're practically dead! Line, that divine trait, mistress of the world, eternally escapes you." Kerensky will not budge. Half a year later he is undone when he fails to perceive the mood of a crowd he is addressing. The story's ominous last words are: "But after him Trotsky climbed to the speaker's tribune, twisted his mouth, and in an implacable voice began: 'Comrades!' "

Babel creates objects that must be seen or heard—faces, fields, skies, a twisted mouth, "an implacable voice." Always pictorial qualities arrest our attention. Examining the human scene, we are drawn especially to those human qualities that are most like pictorial qualities—skill, grace, ease, power, confidence, authority. Such traits are to a degree external and visible; they can be judged by aesthetic or practical standards. They are precisely the qualities possessed by the Cossacks in the Red Army stories and the thieves in the Odessa stories.

Invariably, men who act with confidence inspire awe in Babel. But those whose certainties are within, whose essential characteristic is piety or intellectuality, fare less well. Many stories record the indignities visited by the Cossacks upon the bespectacled Jew who accompanies the troops (and who is often named Isaac Babel), upon the helpless Polish Jews, and upon the aged left behind by the re-

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treating Polish army. Often a story builds to a simple, effective act of violence: some Cossack soldiers shoot a woman smuggler who has tricked them; a Cossack officer shoots two prisoners of war; a deceived husband in a play bites his rival. And we see, over and over again, the failure of the incompetent. The Jewish intellectual cannot put a dying comrade out of his misery; he nearly ruins a Cossack horse; he goes into battle with an unloaded revolver. He prays at last, "imploring fate to grant me the simplest of proficiencies—the ability to kill my fellow-men."

The Odessa stories give a lighter touch to the irrepressible conflict between men of violence and men of peace, for here we find Jewish toughs lording it over a browbeaten community but swaggering discreetly. A certain necessary caution accompanies even the most reckless action; "After him other bandits began firing in the air. (If you don't fire in the air you may kill someone.)" When a drunken thief wounds his victim, the head of the gang personally visits the hospital and demands that the patient recover. Life may be cheap among the Cossacks, but the Jewish bandits respect human life. Babel himself is a little like the bandits of his native town. Even when he is most awed by strength and violence, he still invites compassion for the victims of brute force. His irony and his honesty balance things somewhat; those who suffer in his stories at least preserve their human dignity. And if most of his narratives are fragmentary, sometimes less than incidents, they are so much the better suited to represent the post-Revolutionary chaos that is Babel's world. Their fragmentary nature suggests Babel's awareness of a great, inchoate world in transition, a world that the artist must render piecemeal, if he is to render it at all.

Art as a Mode of Salvation

MARCEL PROUST AND DELIVERANCE FROM TIME. By Germaine Brée. Translated from the French by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt. Rutgers University Press. $4.50.

By WALLACE FOWLIE

MAURIAC once said that Marcel Proust was a creative artist devoured by his own creation. With the recent discovery and publication of *Jean Santeuil* (1952), a one-thousand-page early version of Proust's novel, and *Contre Sainte-Beuve* (1954), a group of critical essays, such a statement applies to more of the novelist's life than was once believed. Professor Brée published her critical study of Proust in Paris in 1950. Her book would not have been altered by these recent publications of Proust. *Jean Santeuil* offers a preliminary inventory of the vast social structure which will appear in the later work, *Remembrance of Things Past,* as a

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complete world. It is possible to make out in the early version all the familiar Proustian themes and elements, but they do not provide the spell and the enchantment of the mature work.

Professor Brée's book is, brilliantly and exclusively, the study of Proust's novel. Whenever she speaks of the novelist's background, his family, his worldliness, his anomalies, his illness, his cloistered life, it is in relationship to the novel. She provides an analysis of the novel as a whole, with its principal intricacies and developments, and detailed studies of particular themes: pleasure, society, love, art and morality. Throughout her study, which is presented in the best French critical tradition, with its elaborate organization, clarity, and its fine balance between interpretation and evaluation, Mlle. Brée keeps her focus steadily on the kind of novel she is studying and the kind of novelist Proust is. This is the specific subject matter of her final chapter, but all the others prepare it.

This novelist is not a creator of fiction. Neither is he a learned chronicler. Nor is he a philosopher bent upon disseminating his ideas. The leading thesis of Mlle. Brée's book states that Proust was not free to create what he wanted. His novel comes from himself, as the result of exhausting, meticulous labor. Proust himself said that the real title of his novel should be "A Vocation." Mlle. Brée makes clear, beyond any doubt, that the novel is both the work itself, and the story of the spiritual experiences which prepared the author for the writing of the work.

In the course of her analysis, Mlle. Brée pays particular attention to the evolution of the characters and to the transformation of the social classes which had taken place between the founding of the Third Republic and the war of 1914. The study of the artists in the novel clarifies Proust's central belief that art is the one salvation, the one activity which gives meaning to life and a moral strength to those men who possessed none at the beginning of their careers. This is true to some extent of a potential artist like Swann, but especially true of the composer Vinteuil and the painter Elstir, who are saints in the religion of art. Finally it is true of the narrator himself, who at the end of the novel, has found a community to which he can belong.

Proust pays little heed to the logical succession of episodes. Curiosity as to what is going to happen next is not aroused in the reader, because he learns after a very few episodes that the expectations of the characters are always tricked and the events which give pleasure are fortuitous and unexpected. These characters, many of whom are analyzed by Proust in extraordinary detail, are presented only in their relationship with the narrator. Professor Brée's book will serve both as guide to the reader of Proust and as initiation to the study of a world whose laws are not as severe as many have implied.

Life on Madison Avenue

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. By Sloan Wilson. Simon & Schuster, $3.50.

By GERALD WEALES

THE faceless figure on the dust jacket of Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is apparently supposed to imply Everyman. The title of the novel and the publicity that preceded its publication seem to insist that Tom Rath, the novel's hero, is universal, at least to the minimal extent that he represents the young veterans struggling suavely to make their mark in the world of Madison Avenue.

Briefly, the plot is this: Tom Rath, the assistant to the director of the Schanenhauser Foundation, is struggling to keep his wife and three children on seven thousand dollars a year (a problem that must be less than heart-breaking to the average reader of *Collier's,* where this novel was serialized); he resigns from the foundation to become special assistant to Ralph Hopkins, the head of the United Broadcasting Corporation, a position which he leaves after a bit of soul searching, a sacrifice that is rewarding both spiritually and materially.

These are the bare bones of the novel, and Wilson has covered them, not with flesh, but with a welter of incident, as commonplace as it is irrelevant. There is, for instance, the matter of the contested will for his grandmother's estate and the still more annoying business about the illegitimate baby whom he fathered during an interminable flashback, one of those saccharine clichés of a momentary paradise in the hell of war. The reader is also introduced to a host of casual characters, but the novelist is incapable of any characterization that goes beyond a few surface mannerisms and a little stock soliloquizing that is quite false. He knows that under certain circumstances a man may drink a martini, slam a door or go

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to lunch, but a character has to be more than the sum of these reportorial gleanings.

At the end of the novel Rath is leaving his unrewarding job to step into a position specially created for him, one in which he will feel less like a prostitute. He has clear title on his grandmother's estate with an even chance that the zoning board will let him turn it into a housing development that will fill his pockets with cash. He is easing his unruly conscience by financing the raising of the illegitimate child, with the moral support of dear Betsy, with whom he has a newer, warmer. purer relationship. What is the moral of the novel supposed to be anyway: the self-pitying shall inherit the earth? The sloppily happy ending with its emphasis on material rewards certainly implies no more than that, although Sloan Wilson probably imagined that there was a deal of moral fiber in this story of the faceless man who, as it turns out, is faceless, not because he is Everyman, but because he is no man at all.

Early Love

THE EXCHANGE OF JOY. By Isabel Quigly. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

THE essentials of this story, a year-long affair between a young English wife and mother and a thirty-six-year-old Sienese poet, do not differ materially from what is becoming a stock situation in fiction and drama: bittersweet romance under the seductive skies and traditions of Italy.

To them, Miss Quigly has added still more difficult elements: a husband named Neddy who hears and suspects nothing of his wife's infidelity during his prolonged absence in Australia; an illegitimate son born to the lovers; an Oxford don named Beamish who comes to study Arcangelo's poetry and stays to befriend the couple and adopt the embarrassing baby.

All of the principals are Catholics, and the heroine a relatively inex-

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perienced and virtuous girl, at first astonished to find herself illegitimately but undeniably in love. "What she could not credit was the happiness, almost the peace of it. Those unpracticed in the graver sins, or even the graver experiences of living, think that sin must trumpet its coming . . . What they do not know is that love makes nonsense of duty and conscience, makes its own excuses."

Thus Miss Quigly explains her lovers; but, whatever love does, she never excuses them. When she leaves them, parting before the luckless Neddy's return, it is to their knowledge of a situation "without solution and without conclusion."

Readers who regard adultery as a traditional literary device, a kind of fictional contrivance to help along lame plots, a gratuitious flying in the face of nature, or at least of the natural law, will be impatient with *The Exchange of Joy;* and the category will include many Catholics. A less prejudiced eye may observe Miss Quigly's uncanny suspension of mood, her delineation of a love story which novelist and critic Elizabeth Bowen calls "sublime."

Certainly this novel is skillfully written, in a style of hesitant clarity which one comes to identify with the heroine, and with no "This thing is bigger than both of us" nonsense about it. In her careful avoidance of cliché, the author glorifies neither Celia nor her lover, and does not demean the absent husband. The romance is represented as a deliberate choice, not wholly enviable but with its own rewards. As such, it is convincing, and an excellent piece of work for young Miss Quigly's first novel.

REVIEWERS

Father H. A. Reinhold is the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Sunnyside, Washington, and a well known leader of the liturgical movement.

Henry Popkin is a member of the faculty of Brandeis University.

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Gerald Weales writes on literary and cultural matters for The Commonweal, the *Hudson Review*, and other publications.

Jean Holzhauer writes frequently for The Commonweal.

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